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THE PACIFIC

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HERALDING A PRIZE FIGHT.

The public press of San Francisco has for many days kept the prize fight at Goldfield constantly before the public.

Intelligent and moral people must have been pained at the evident determination shown, by daily mention, by pictures and colored illustrations, to keep this brutal contest at the front. If news must be published, why would not a passing mention of this degrading event have sufficed?

The prize fight is outlawed in many sections of our country. In our most intelligent and influential states, men who should undertake to get up a prize fight like that at Goldfield would be treated as criminals, and shut up in jail. Why would this be done? Would it be claimed that the state had a right to interfere with the harmless amusements of her citizens? No, but such an event would be outlawed because the people must be protected from the lowering and debasing influence of the prize fight and its accompanying evils.

President Lincoln once said, "If slavery is not wrong then nothing is wrong," and may we not say; if the prize fight is not a lowering and debasing influence in our society, then no such influence can be found. Has not the time come when the people of our Western Coast should rise up and protest against being the dumping ground for evils that have been driven from the Middle and Eastern States. Why will not the moral and Christian people of California demand that this imposition shall cease.

There is no educational, moral or religious effort that is being made to enlighten and lift up our society that is not directly opposed by this brutal event, that has been so persistently and flauntingly chronicled in these last days. There are those (who shall say from what ranks of society or how many) of our boys and young men, whose moral character has been injured by being brought in contact with this debasing exhibition. Let those who love their fellow men rise up and protest against this prostitution of that mighty influence of the daily press, which should help to lift up our people. Let prize fights become common in our land and they would endanger the life of our republic. Why should this Western Coast be cursed by them?

President Hadley of Yale, has said recently, "That the men who love to read sensational accounts of arson and murder are not far removed from those who in the time of our Saviour cried, 'Not this man, but Barabbas.'" If this be true what shall we say of those who crowd around the prize ring; and what shall we think of that public press that seeks in every way to keep such a brutal event before the eyes and mind of the people.

LOOK OUT FOR YOURSELF.

Man has harnessed for his use many of the powers of nature, which in our advanced civilization are necessary and wonderful servants, but blind and terrible masters.

Those of us who must use these servants, who are dependent upon them in our pleasures and in our daily work, should cultivate a careful spirit. Carelessness is a sin not only against ourselves, but against others. We may dress differently, one may wrap in furs, and another go with head and arms bare; but each of us needs to have as a second nature, this faculty of looking out for himself.

The powers with which we have to deal will take no account of absent mindedness, or of the accidental slip; they must move right on over us, if through carelessness or feebleness even, we are in their path. Usually, when out in the busy street, we are almost compelled to be awake—when you see a bicycle, a delivery wagon, a street car and an automobile coming towards you, you will feel that it is high time to look out. Yet how often we hear of the sad or fatal accident, and when one is killed or injured the blame falls generally on the driver of the wagon or motorman of the street car. Let us remember that the men whose hands are upon the levers of the motor or engine, and whose trained eyes are looking along the track have a right to expect and demand that every one should look out for himself.

It would not be possible for them to run on the time demanded by a hurrying public, unless they relied on this careful spirit. We say nothing of automobiles. They are private affairs, and many think (with good reason it would seem) that they take liberties which they have no right to take; but we should be careful about blaming those who have been chosen to direct and control these powers of nature. Let those who would blame first prove that they have done all that was required of them in taking care of themselves. The little child who grasps her mother's arm and keeps her from crossing the track, though the train is far off, has a better spirit for our day than the thoughtless child who runs on as if there were no danger. Many of us are often in places where a few steps in the wrong direction would mean serious accident, perhaps death. Let us then form the habit of watchfulness, until to look out for ourselves becomes a second nature.

AN ADDRESS BY GENERAL HOWARD.

[General O. O. Howard, a veteran of the civil war and widely known on the Pacific Coast, gave an address recently at Dayton, Ohio, before the convention of the Young People's Christian Union of the United Presbyterian Church. We take pleasure in reproducing it here, being indebted for it to The Religious Telescope.—Editor.]

A man in his seventy-sixth year arose. The whitened beard and hair marked inner springs of morality and uprightness. A keen and intelligent eye was an evidence of good education. An empty sleeve told its silent story of the battle of Fair Oaks. There was a gentle bearing about the man which is rarely found in men. Against this background of modesty human greatness was in prominent outline. A fluttering of white handkerchiefs was fitting, apart from any suggestion of Chautauqua.

General Howard, the hero of war and peace, a man in the true sense before the war began and a man in that sense still, spoke for forty minutes, and the people listened, and would have listened:

Stories about Lincoln.

"While I was on the way to the theater this evening, a lady tapped me on the shoulder gently, and asked me if I would say anything about Abraham Lincoln in my address. I replied that I seldom get on my feet before an audience but I say something about Abraham Lincoln. I have never been known to deliver an address that I didn't mention the name of one whom I shall never forget to respect.

"I want to tell you a story I once heard about Abraham Lincoln that is always fresh in my mind and that makes his memory sacred to me. It was while he was acting as President of the United States that a woman, plainly clad, applied to see Mr. Lincoln one day during the Civil War. As soon as she had gained an audience with the President, with tears streaming from her eyes, she stated that she had a son who had committed some misdemeanor in the Union Army and was to be shot for this action the next morning at sunrise. Mr. Lincoln readily granted the pardon. She had scarcely left the room before a very fervent Christian woman entered. She stated to the President that she had a brother who had been thrown into one of the martial prisons. As a result of this conference Mr. Lincoln granted another pardon. After the two had finished their conversation Mr. Lincoln accompanied the woman to the door. Taking his hand in both of her's and with great tears in her eyes, the woman said: 'Mr. Lincoln, I hope to meet you in heaven.'

"The President was somewhat taken off his guard, and was silent for a moment. 'I thank you,' he then said. 'Thank you. I don't know that I will ever get there—but—thank you!'

Plucking the Thistle, Planting the Flower.

"After the woman was gone, Lincoln turned round from the door, looking at the floor. Then he lifted his eyes toward his Attorney General, and said: 'Speed, it's seldom a man has an opportunity like that—to make two people happy the same day. But that has been my purpose all through life. I've always plucked a thistle and planted a flower where I thought a flower would grow. Don't know that I'll ever get there—don't know.'

"While I have been sitting here listening to the distinction made between the saint and sinner, I felt as though I was getting pretty low. I would like to be like Abraham Lincoln and always be ready to pluck a thistle or thorn and plant a flower in its place. Some one remarked this evening that I was going to preach. I want to say that I often quote from the Scriptures, but I never preach.

"I want to quote a selection from the Bible tonight, from the third chapter of John: "The Father loveth the son, and hath given all things into his hand. He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life; and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him.'

"I shall never forget the first day at Gettysburg. In the early part of the conflict two batteries of artillery were urged forward with all haste. They consisted of six guns each. They belonged to General Barlow's division. I had just joined him with my division, and immediately he sent these batteries ahead. One was in command of a lieutenant, only nineteen years of age. His name was Wilkinson, the son of the associate editor of the New York Tribune. The captain of the battery was away at the time and young Wilkinson took his place. When the call came he went forward quickly. He was struck by a bullet and shot through the body soon after the action began. He had unusual nerve, and, without telling anybody of his injury, he staunched the wound with his handkerchief and kept on fighting. Soon he fell at the side of the gun in a faint. The wound was not fatal, necessarily; but the surgeon could do nothing after he fell, and death followed from loss of blood.

A Father's Fury—and Love.

"I wrote to the father and told him briefly the details of his son's death, as near as I could get them. Soon a furious letter came from the father. Its burden was, Nobody cared for my son. General Barlow did not care for him. Those under his command did not care for him. The ones on the medical staff did not care for him. 'You did not care for him.' I was angry till I thought of the home at West Point, and the little wife packing the grip, and of my children, and of all that was dear to me. I was not to blame at all. I did not even know the young man. I was in charge at Gettysburg that first day, but could not give everything personal oversight.

"I wrote the father a second letter, explaining the circumstances more minutely. It brought back a beautiful letter—the most original example of a father's love that I had ever seen. 'O general, forgive me—forgive me.' The father was heartbroken still, but the letter was bathed in love.

Food in Love.

"I marched at the head of my command through Ohio shortly after that. I remember passing through your neighboring city of Xenia. When we arrived there the children ran out to meet us. The little folks gave every soldier of mine a small bouquet of flowers to wear. That was love. Every man in the command appreciated the gift, and I did not see one who did not shed tears. [A voice: "We gave you food too."] What is it? [Voice again: "We gave you food, too, at Xenia."] Yes, yes; and there is food in flowers. Best of all there is food in love.

"We marched to Chattanooga to met the command under General Gerry. They were having a bloody battle in the southwest .Gerry was a great man. He had been mayor of San Francisco, gover-

nor of Kansas, a veteran of the Mexican War, and a commander in the Civil War. When I arrived I asked for the famous general, and was informed that he was on the other side of the valley beyond the line of wagons. I went to him. When I met him I put out my hand and he clasped it in both of his. I noticed that his hand was trembling, and that his voice had a peculiar ring to it. Why should he tremble? He had just gained a great victory. Looking at his face, I asked what was the matter, and he just pointed to the prostrate figure of his only son lying on the ground at his side cold in death. General Gerry was a man that had used many hard words. I never heard him use any hard words after that. After a little—when he had recovered his self-possession—he said: 'General, do you think I will ever see him again?" His words were a token of a father's love. That shake of the hand he gave me, and the absence of words when I asked him what the trouble was, was another token of the father's love. There are many such incidents in a father's life . General Gerry was tender, he was loving, although he did not seem so.

"I well remember a classmate of mine at West Point named Deshler. His home was in Alabama. He had a brother drowned in the Hudson. The father came from the South often to see him. In those days we became well acquainted. When the rupture came Deshler went with his State. No more conscientious man ever lived, and he was thoroughly honest in joining his fortunes with the South. At Chickamauga there is a tablet of steel inscribed thus: "Here General James Deshler fell at the head of his command.' I met the father after the war. He took my hands and the hot tears ran down his face. All he said was, 'My son, my son'—another expression of father love.

For Willie's Sake.

"After I became an instructor at West Point, but previous to the breaking out of the Civil War, I was approached by Colonel Hardee. 'Howard,' he said, 'I want you to instruct my children in off hours.' I made an agreement with him and after that began to teach his children—beautiful, obedient, upright. One of them was named Willie. He joined the Union forces later. One day as he was riding into battle with the cavalry he fell fatally wounded. Later in the war, while we were campaigning in North Carolina, General Stephen D. Lee sent me a note. You may think it strange that opposing generals should communicate with each other. But these notes occasionaly did get across the line. In the note he requested me to be kind to a certain family in Raleigh. Why? Because at their home Willie Hardee had been cared for tenderly till he died. When we went into Raleigh that family did not suffer any.

"Turn to the divine word for an illustration. David had an erring son, but the love was still in his heart. While the battle raged David sat between the two gates of the city wall—thinking of Absalom. Ahimazz wanted to bear to the king the tidings of Absalom's death; so did Cushi. Cushi started first with the message, but Ahimaaz reached the city wall before he did. 'All is well,' called out the messenger. But the king was thinking less of his enemies than of something else. 'Is the young man Absalom safe?' Ahimaaz did not give a direct answer. He said he had seen a great tumult, but did not know exactly how it came out. He was trying to break the news without breaking the heart of the father. Not so with Cushi. Up he ran with the tidings that the Lord had avenged the king that day of all his enemies. 'Is the young man Absalom safe?' again asked David, giving expression to the father love of his heart. And Cushi answered: "The enemies of my lord the king and all that rise up against thee to do thee hurt, be as that young man is.' Then the love of the father was made manifest in the words of bitter grief: 'O my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom! would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!'

Personal Experience.

"I have experienced some of these things. My own son was in the service in the Philippines under General Lawton. One day when he was pushing up a stream to help quell a riot, all of a sudden a number of natives who had been lying in ambush sprang up and fired. He was shot through the shoulder and lung and fell to the deck of the barge. With a great effort he arose to his knees and cried out, 'Whatever happens to me, keep the launch going.' That touched me deeply when I learned of it, and it was surely a case of patriotic love. The words of that dying boy I have adopted as the motto of the institution for the education of Southern whites which I am trying to establish at Cumberland Gap. 'Whatever happens to me, keep the launch going.'

"But if all these incidents mark a father's love think of what a mother's love must be. If the father's love is strong, what is that of a mother? She will make any sacrifice for her child. I remember once, quite a long time ago, when I was teaching school. I was a number of miles from home, and there had been a heavy snow. My mother received a message which she thought I ought to have. She did not count the effort, but trudged through that mass of snow to get to the schoolhouse where I was to give me that message. It was the first time I ever clearly conceived that mother loved me better than herself. It was only one incident of a mother's love.

God's Perfect Love.

"These are but illustrations of human love—the love of parents. Now take the love of a father, purify it as much as possible on earth, extend it to the borders of human habitation, and you have but a drop in the great ocean of God's eternal and unadulterated love. God loves all his children. His love cannot be measured by the distance from the East to the West or from the North to the South.

"If he has so much love, where is there room for wrath? I puzzled over that point for a long time. I studied it from the standpoint of the Hebrew, but without satisfaction. Then I took the Greek, but with no better results. I turned next to the French, but the same word for wrath was there. Finally I came to a satisfactory explanation of God's wrath. Let me show it by illustration from life.

"I remember of passing up Wall Street in New York not so many years ago. I met Henry, the son of an old general with whom I had fought in the army. 'Hello, Henry, how are you? How is your father and how is your mother?' Henry scowled. 'I have nothing to do with father and mother any more.' He said he didn't know or didn't care how they were. I had to stop proceeding on that plan. You know we military men have to use what we call tactics, and I began my tactics on Henry. So I asked him to come and lunch with me at noon. He agreed and asked

the place. I gave the number of a restaurant up on Fulton Street, where I had never been, but wanted to go. Henry did not think that it was just the old meeting place on Fulton Street where there had been a forty-year prayer-meeting. My purpose was to get him into the meeting that day. We met at the appointed time and walked toward the restaurant. As we passed the place of services, I said, 'Hold on, Henry, it is a little early. Let us drop into the prayer meeting first. So we went in. It happened that the subject that day was about the son alienated from his father. The leader was speaking about wayward sons, the singers were singing about them, and everything seemed to have been prepared for Henry's benefit. I noticed that Henry was softening a good deal, I was softening some myself. But I said nothing. At the table I turned round at the right time, and said, 'Now, Henry, make a clean breast of this whole thing. Tell me all about it.' He said they had insulted and slandered his wife. The worst part of it was that she was dead. That made the case more puzzling. 'Was she a good woman?' I asked. 'Never was there a better,' he replied. 'Do you think she is in heaven?' was my next question. 'In heaven? Yes, if anybody is there, or if there is any heaven.' 'Now, Henry, let's be frank. What would she say about a reconciliation, if she could speak to you from heaven today?' I was gratified to hear him answer that she would advise, 'Be reconciled.'

"Well, we went into a room. Henry was to write a letter to his father and mother. There was writing material there, and Henry picked up some foolscap paper. Sitting down he filled a whole page, and then handed it to me to read. I went over it carefully, to see whether he would get off the track. About two-thirds of the way down he blamed the old man. I saw that kind of a letter would not do, so I took my pen, drew it across the words, and handed it back to Henry. He rewrote the letter and left that part out. Then he wrote another letter to his brother. Henry felt better, but it was not all right yet.

After six days I came back and saw Henry. He ran up, hugged me with both arms, and cried out, 'its all right, it's all right.' He said that everything had been fixed up and that he was going home the next day to live with his parents. The first time I saw Henry he was abiding under the wrath of his father, the second time in his love. The father had not changed particularly, but Henry had changed.

Where is the Wrath?

"I may gather an illustration from the man on your streets. Perhaps, though, you have no such persons in Dayton. In the East we can find examples of the class. But a man comes along and butts his head against a lamp post, making his forehead black and blue; he goes reeling along, and plows his nose on the sidwalk; he gets into trouble and his face is disfigured; his eyes have become bleared through drink. God's wrath is resting upon him, not because of divine anger, but in the form of a penalty for broken law.

"Again, a boy sits down and says he will look the sun out of his countenance. He looks and looks until the sight of his eye is destroyed. Can he blame God? He only suffers the penalty of a broken law. God is not angry, but the punishment must come. In physical, mental, moral, and spiritual things, if a man violates the law he suffers the penalty and that is all that there is to it. The penalty is the wrath.

"But there is another side—that of love. 'Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' I can remember when I felt as though I did not know what to do or where to turn next. There is only one thing to do when you are in that sort of a fix; that is to seek relief in prayer. We must have fellowship of some kind. If we dwell in the light as God is in the light we have fellowship with him, and the blood of Jesus Christ his son cleanses from all sin. There is a peculiar fellowship among soldiers. It is inferior to nothing on earth except that which exists between two who love the Lord with all their hearts.

Receivers and Workers.

"I have noticed a great many times that in some Christian associations many are the recipients of donations. In an association or church of six hundred, say, about forty do positive work for Jesus Christ. Go to the Y. M. C. A., or some other place of its sort, and see what you will find. There are the young men in great numbers. Most of them go there simply to use the gymnasium, or to patronize the schools of various natures.

"This is an assembly of representative young people. Don't be only recipients of benefits. Be positive workers. Do something for the one in your own home who is not converted. Be careful and prayerful every day until you succeed. Moody often preached that every Christian should give fifteen minutes a day to positive Christian work. If you should do this, and if your example were followed by all Christians there would be the greatest revival this country ever saw."

THE WILLETT LECTURES.

Prof. J. W. Buckham.

The Allied Theological Seminaries of Berkeley, and especially the Seminary of the Church of the Disciples have done a very notable service to the Christian public in securing the delivery of the course of lectures in Berkeley last week by Rev. H. L. Willett, D.D., upon Hebrew Prophecy. The lecturer is peculiarly qualified for fulfilling the mission of an interpreter of the Old Testament in the light of modern scholarship. Gifted with an attractive personality, a rich and musical voice, remarkable ease and force of expression, he has also rare powers of generalization, lucidity of statement and pictorial presentation. He combines the qualities of teacher and platform speaker in a very unusual degree; never sensational, yet always intensely interesting, never careless or unscholarly, yet eminently popular, in the very best sense of the word. Above all, Dr. Willett has not only intellectual scope and grasp of his subject but also a deep and vital sense of the spiritual side of truth which communicates itself naturally and inspiringly to his audience. Dr. Willett not only "accepts" the more conservative results of modern Biblical scholarship, but he has made them his own in such a way as to appropriate the new spiritual values that are now emerging from the writings of the Old Testament and the stirring message which they hold for our age. With these values Dr. Willett is enamoured, with this message he is filled; and the community to which this teacher-preacher speaks cannot fail to have not only a truer and more inspiring conception of Hebrew Prephecy, but of the life of the soul.

ACORNS FROM THREE OAKS.

Aloha.

The first session of the Mt. Hermon Association has been a great success. The surveying of lots and their distribution is not completed. But in point of quality; in numbers; in interest; the meetings have been an unqualified success. President Mills and Doctor Gilchrist have proven themselves to be indeed wise masters of assemblies. The Zayante Inn has been a comfortable place to stay. The meals have been appetizing and wholesome, the service kindly and courteous. Young and old, pastors and laymen, specialists and the patrons who have come simply to rest have alike spoken well of the management. Her grace, the landlady, knows how. Some mountain hotels have been closed because the earthquake has impoverished their patrons. Is it not significant of what multitudes want that Mt. Hermon and Pacific Grove have been crowded. Bars and booze are not essential to profit

A Temperance Leader in Every Parish.

It was natural that the Presbyterian church, whose General Assembly Committee have rendered such a splendid report should give intelligent heed to this great cause in a Christian resort of which the majority of the managers are Presbyterians. The denominational majority does not indicate a sectarian bias and management, but simply pledges an orthodox atmosphere and a persevering progress on sane and rational lines. All shades of sincere and earnest sentiment were represented in the three days temperance conference. We think our committee at San Jose pretty liberal to give us an hour on the program. The three days deliberations were not wearisome on the burning subject. No blistering denunciations of saloon keepers who were not there were indulged in, but the spirit of the meeting expressed itself in the only motto which was voted, which means more, we think, than any resolution in which we ever had share: "A temperance leader in every church.' This means that the church should be the great leader against this great wrong of intemperance, and that some pastor or gifted layman should lead the way. A large and representative committee was chosen to forward the work. The churches in due time will hear from this committee. Every sound and genuine organization in the state will feel its force. The manager of the Mt. Hermon Association becomes ex-officio, a member of all the business committees born with a will amid the moral ozone of these redwoods.

A Brighter Day for the Indian.

The little company of patient and faithful souls who have worked for years as the "Northern California Indian Association" were heartened by the welcome given them. The beautiful falls of the Zayante sang music to their spirits as noble humanitarians who have long been at the front, witnessed what the gospel of a divine kindness can do for the despondent red men. Mrs. Dorcas Spencer and Mrs. Herrick told stories which the children of coming days will hear in popular romance. Brother Meredith is becoming a very apostle in his pleading of his specialty. There was basis for our new hope, for our postals and our prayers backing up the intelligent appeals of Mr. C. E. Kelsey, who has heard the cries of his red brethren and devotedly taken them as his clients, have persuaded Congress not only to devote a hundred and ten thousand dollars to buy land for our homeless California Indians, but have clinched the appointment of this humane young lawyer as the disbursing agent on the recommendation of Commissioner Leupp. There'll be no graft in Mr. Kelsey's administration. The Indians are to be congratulated. So are we. So is the man who has found his life work, "Who has come to the kingdom for such a time as this." There was one regretful experience in the Indian Conference. Mrs. Edwards, our devoted president, who has led us to this victory feels compelled by reasons of health, to surrender her leadership. This daughter of our late lamented Judge Haven, will be greatly missed from this work. Yet the Conference closed in hope, as did all Mt. Hermon's conferences, as will the Endeavor Conference this Labor Day, for we followed untiringly the deliverences of the Temperance Conference, and declared, with hope and purpose, for "A friend to the Indians in every church and in every woman's club in California."

Oak Leaves.

The Conference of Christian leaders capped the climax of the spiritual agencies of the Mt. Hermon Association.

Bishops Nichols and Bell acted like Scriptural men —they attracted everyone. Bishop Bell's theses are worthy to be nailed to the altars of every true church of Jesus Christ.

The Saratoga Church went far beyond the Million Dollar Line; more than doubling any former offering in its history.

For the third time, the Pastors' Union of San Jose marched in the Labor Parade, Sept. 3rd.

Significant of our Christian fraternal delegates' influence is that the Labor Union voted out the bar from the evening ball.

Signs multiply that this is God's world and not the devil's.

WHY THE UNITED STATES ARE RESPECTED ABROAD.

We are in the habit of priding ourselves on the exalted place the United States has won in the counsels of the nations. And it is indeed, a matter worthy of proper pride. When we read such sentiments from the lips of our public men, as those expressed by Secretary Root, before the Pan-American Conference, in Rio Janeiro, on July 1st, we have before us the true cause for American greatness.

Mr. Root said: "We wish for no victories except those of peace. We wish for no territories except our own; no sovereignty except over ourselves. We deem the independence and rights of the smallest and weakest member of the family of nations entitled to as much respect as those of the greatest empire, and we deem the observance of that respect to be the chief guarantee for the weak against the oppressions of the strong. We wish to increase our prosperity, and to grow in wealth and wisdom of spirit; but our conception of the true way to accomplish this is not to pull down and profit by their ruin, but to help all friends to a common prosperity and growth, that we all may become greater and stronger together."

Among the Churches.

Califrnia.

Berkeley, North.—Twenty-three were welcomed into this church last Sunday.

Oakland, Fourth.—Sunday, Sept. 2nd, was observed as "Rally Day"in this church, taking the place of the morning service. The attendance was very large, Rev. Mr. Mowbray making the address.

Lodi.—At the September communion, four united with the church by letter. The new self-collecting individual communion service was installed, and all were well pleased. New oak collection plates also supplemented the old style pockets. The church in all departments is in a healthy, progressive condition. During the year, the Sunday-school has doubled; the Endeavor Society has increased 75 per cent and the church 50 per cent.

Pasadena, First.—Dr. Meredith occupied his pulpit again last Sunday after a month's quiet rest at home. Rev. H. T. Staats supplied the pulpit during August. Three new members were received by letter at the communion season. The church suffers a deep loss in the death of the well-known Sunday-school worker, Mr. J. F. Drake, whose work as organizer and teacher of the Berea class, and as leader of the Bible drill in the Sunday-school, will long be gratefully remembered.

Ventura.—Sunday was one of the red letter days in the history of this church. On this day they consecrated their fifth house of worship. Rev. Queen, the retiring pastor preached the sermon, and father Bristol, who was pastor when the church was first organized, offered the dedicatory prayer. The rebuilding will cost $2,500, and there has been no appeals to those outside of the Congregational ranks for aid. Rev. Hoyt, pastor of the church at Saticoy, assisted in the services.

Rio Vista.—The church is rejoicing in being on the Pacific Coast Million Dollar line, having more than raised its quota of $106.40 with no large individual gifts, but a fairly even distribution of offerings. Interest has awakened along various lines in the church. The Ladies' Missionary Society has resumed regular meetings, new members being added at every meeting. A band of twenty-five King's Daughters was organized in the early summer and publicly recognized in a special service of the church. A junior Endeavor Society recently organized, enrolled fifty-six members, with fifty present at the last roll call. A very fortunate deed of the San Francisco disaster consisted in sending to us Dr. R. W. Smith, the tenor of the Knickerbocker Quartet, under whose leadership the choir has taken on new life, to the enhancement of our church music. There is much hope of good results in the work during the ensuing season.

The Annual Meeting of the Woman's Home Missionary Union and Woman's Board of Missions of the Pacific will be held together at the First Congregational Church, Oakland, Wednesday, September 19. Morning session at 10:30. Afternoon session at 1:30. Lunch served as usual for fifteen cents.

A BEAUTIFUL SERVICE.

To those who attended the communion service at the First Congregational Church last Sunday, there must have come great peace and joy. It was a most delightful service. The music was in sympathy with the great thought of the sacrament. The Scriptures read, as in ordinary lessons, and those portions recited by the pastor, came to the heart as well as to the ears. There was no regular sermon spoken by Mr. Hopkins, but the service of song, of Scripture; the beautiful baptising of the babe, the reception of new members, and the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, spoke most solemnly and convincingly to every one present.

There were seven adults received into fellowship with the church. Among those received was Rev. S. H. Willey, D.D. In receiving him the minister said:

"No welcome could be more sincere than this of ours to all these new members. But the rest will not misunderstand me when I say that to one of these who come to us today the heart of the Church goes out in peculiar warmth. For it was nearly sixty years ago that he came to this coast to preach the gospel of Christ—a work which he has not given up since he first took it up! Then there came the day when the first dwelling was built in Berkeley, and it was his. Then the day when the first church was organized, and it was ours. And now with his long, rich ministry, he of the first house comes to the first church. And we are glad, and for him ascends our prayer that the glory of God may fill his sunset years.

THE MILLION DOLLAR CAMPAIGN.

The latest from Boston by wire announces that forty thousand of the last one hundred thousand is pledged and that the books are to be kept open until Sept. 10th. Delayed or additional offerings from the Coast will be forwarded by Sec. Tenney, if sent to him at Barker Block, Berkeley, at once. Every dollar counts.

NOTICE.

The twenty-second meeting of San Francisco Association of Congregational churches and ministers is to be held with the Sunset Church, Ninth Avenue, above K Street, Thursday, September 13, 1906, at 3:00 P. M. Take Cliff and Beach car going south side of Park, and get off at Ninth Avenue and walk south three and a half blocks.

NOTICE.

The Bay Association meets with Market Street Church, Oakland, Tuesday, Sept. 11th at 2:30 p. m. The program provides for a WHAT CHEER MEETING, and the second number on it will consist of three minute reports from the churches of the Association. Each delegation should have one member prepared to make such report.

Burton M. Palmer, Registrar.

THE MINISTERS' MEETING.

At the Monday meeting a paper was read by Bishop Wm. M. Bell, of the United Brethren Church. It was an able and earnest word, urging the vital union of all Christian forces. "Our denominations must get acquainted, the leaders must know each

other. Men lay down their prejudice and opposition before the spirit of union. Great enterprises are not too great for our combined efforts. The death of the legalized saloon will surely come. Our government will do more. Education will do much more, but there remains a place for the church, for evangelical Christianity in the regeneration of society. Cooperation in church work will illustrate the spirit of brotherhood, and by it we shall be able to occupy neglected fields. There must be larger emphasis on the spiritual life. In foreign countries the great kingdom of God is to go on untrameled by denominational differences.

"God is getting the Church of Christ ready for a mighty movement in the world. If all its Christian forces were consecrated and united, our country could evangelize the world without aid from Europe in thirty years."

At the close of his address, which was heartily approved by the brethren present, Bishop Bell read his theses on "The Reallignment of American Protestantism," which have been published in The Pacific.

Rev. Mr. Mowbray was announced to speak on some form of Sunday-school work at the next meeting.

WITH THESE "WHAT WOULD JESUS DO?"

By Chas. E. Chase.

Some years ago a Kansas clergyman, a clever writer of devotional books and essays, published a story of tremendous influence. It rose at once to the high-water mark in circulation. It was a tidal wave in popularity not only with us but in other lands and languages. The initial enthusiasm of welcome is over but only as a change from quick flash to steady glow. Sales of the book continue, along with Pilgrim's Progress and the Bible.

This success is phenomenal. What accounts for it? The prompt and next to universal acceptance of "In His Steps" was not due to any compelling literary quality. If Mr. Andrew Lang would put the works of E. P. Roe over the back fence of literature, where would those of Rev. Chas. Sheldon appear- Nor was the leap into popular favor from the spring-board of originality; nor is it remembered that the publishing and advertising were especially good.

Most likely the success, not possible to a mere photographer and seldom attained by even an artist in literature, was won by a sympathetic hand swept over a harp already in tune. The idea of the story men welcomed. It was not new to them, they had it already. The human spirit answers to the call of music, because the emotions of music are already there. Strangers will they not follow, but the voice of the shepherd they know, and so men respond with eagerness to one who thinks their thoughts with them.

Anyway when "In His Steps" appeared the author and his multitude found themselves in substantial agreement. What would Jesus do here and now "with the things that are" was the book's contention, and everybody answered, "Indeed that is the question of importance for the present hour." And who shall say that the tremendous interest in a simple story, a mere puppet among masters in literature, asking that big question, is anything less than a general acknowledgment of the right of Jesus to rule the lives of men and to dispel their confusion by the good order of the Kingdom of God?

One thing however not good, this mightily influencing book accomplished. Having melted the hearts of many in the crucible of desire for obedient service, it poured the hot metal of their devotion in too small a mould, that of an impossible literalism. That Jesus only began to do and to teach was forgotten; that he defined less and inspired more, a lesson unlearned. Very brief indeed is the journey one travels in the paths of this age who follows by letter the precepts of Jesus, but all the present world and that to come is not excessive area for life by his principles.

With this intended acknowledgment of the source of the question let us consider it. What would Jesus do with insult, strife and service, according to the principles enunciated in the Sermon on the Mount. In matters of ethics—the art of living in society—no teacher arrives with Jesus. He is in advance, the master of all. Now what would this master do with an insult?

His one idea of an insult is figured by a slap in the face. The bare open palm is meaner than a mailed fist, a slap more humiliating than a body blow. What would Jesus do with a slap? Literally he said, invite another one right away. Ideally he meant, a slap is nothing, whether it be one or two or any number, to one who does not deserve it. He did not himself, when so treated turn the other cheek. That fact proves him no literalist; but he did act like a man far away and above being trapped into a quarrel by the cheap price of an insult. It may be, even, that one should not know an insult when it comes. A baby girl is not insulted by indecent speech, though palsied be the tongue that would let her hear it, and the rose is not disturbed by the thistle's envy. Death is the end of correspondence with environment. Jesus would have one be as indifferent as death to offenses undeserved.

Why then the other cheek? There need be no other cheek, Jesus means only to say, and how could he say it better, that one slap is nothing, a second one could be no more. And this then is what he would do with an insult, simply ignore it. He would let the insulter be the fool, Himself the wise man to control his own spirit.

With strife what would Jesus do? Here the problem deepens and with this the principle of nonresistance is put to severest test. Here the Teacher's own figure is an action at law. "If a man sue thee" —it is not simply if he threatens: the trial is on. The insult passes, ends with a slap, but strife is persistent, dogs the heels hangs on, goes even to court. Now with this what would Jesus do, what does he find would be the best in the end?

Literally he said pay double and let the thing go; for a judgment of one thousand pay two. Ideally he meant, end strife. Peace is worth more than any price. If another opens the quarrel, you close it. That is the chief thing, the contention must cease. But it may be unjust, or expensive, or humiliating. Indeed it may be so—but**the quarrel must end.** Most strife is over things; if then the surrender of mere things will end it, let them go. With the world full of irritation there is no power. The machinery is worn, noisy, and weak. The lost motion requires as much energy as the effective; and strife is to blame for it all. So Jesus would have men righteous so that they may have peace, and with peace all power; and therefore if there be first righteousness, after that no price is too much to pay for the conclusion of strife.

And then with service what would Jesus do? Literally he would go two miles for one; refuse none who asked and deny none who would borrow. Ideally he meant abundant service. He would do more than was asked. When the law said, "Lead this stranger a mile on his way" he would do that for the law, and add a second mile for the man. In other words he would not play always on the instruments of duty, also would he tune and use the harp of love. This is the best life as Jesus knew it. The loveliest landscape is in the second mile.

And ideally Jesus meant cultivate and return a giving spirit. Not giving indiscriminately, not at all unworthily, but always in prompt answer to the intuitions of a clear head and a kind heart. Somewhere he said, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." The ability to give is a better circumstance to be in, and giving has a better influence to life. If that is not all, Jesus certainly meant that much. There is probably not salt enough out of the sea to flavor the American lakes, and all floods from the Jordan cannot sweeten the Dead Sea. Jesus knew just as well the philosophy of life, and what must be the nature of man who receives to retain, or who receives to give away.

Furthermore, ideally Jesus in the thought of service, would encourage helpfulness as a permanent habit. Literally he said, lend to everyone that asks. Doing this the most affluent could easily reach an ned of all substance so that the next supplicant would come in vain. But actually he meant nothing of the kind. This is what he did mean: Let helpfulness become and remain your predominating characteristic. Be thankful that you are trusted with the opportunity of service, and let your gratitude express itself in the fine language of actual achievement.

This then is what Jesus would do. He would ignore insult, and strife, and welcome service.

Whether or not his way be that of prudence or wisdom, and designed for the highest good, is every man's question who cares at all what Jesus would do; a question the contrast clearly answers. What if the other way obtained? What if retaliation held the place of non-resistence, and selfishness the place of service? In society all given to this—that every insult should be resented, every strife continued, all helpfulness paralyzed, who would not greatly desire a prompt reversion to **Jesus' Better Way?**

THE UNRECOGNIZED GOOD.

Occasionally a learned professor in a great university, propounds some very startling doctrine, that needs as much explanation as amounts to an apology for the utterance. At other times we are almost frightened by statements made in criticism of our educational institutions, by persons who declare that the religious life, in our universities and colleges, is all but extinct. It is refreshing and assuring, at such times, to read expressions to the contrary by anyone who is a good authority on the question. Such assurance comes from Dean Hodges. This educator lives next door to Harvard University. He has recently lived three weeks at Leland Stanford University, and three months at the University of Chicago. Moreover, he visits annually five or six other colleges. He reports that the heart of the religious life of the American college beats true. That never were the religious instrumentalities of college life more enthusiastically used, nor the individual life of the students more generally Christian than now.

The Home.

LOVE THAT LIGHTENS LABOR.

Of the love that lightens service,
Dear God, how much we see,
When the father toils the livelong day
For the children at his knee;
When all night long the mother wakes,
Nor deems the vigil hard;
The rose of health on the sick one's cheek
Her happy heart's reward.

Of the love that lightens service
The fisherman can tell
When he wrests the bread his dear ones eat
Where the bitter surges swell.
And the farmer in the furrow,
The merchant in the mart,
Count little worth their weary toil
For the treasures of their heart.

And, reverently we say it,
Dear Lord, on bended knee,
For the love that lightens service most
The pattern is with Thee.
Oh, the love, the love of heaven
That bowed our load to bear!
The love that stooped unto the cross
And saved the sinner there!

—M. E. Sangster.

HOW LONG IS IT GOING TO LAST?

Taking up a daily newspaper, I read that a young girl is brought before one of our courts, charged by her mother with being guilty of habitual intoxication. When asked her age she replied, "Most eighteen."

In another part of the same paper, is an account of the death of a once noted minister of the Gospel, who had to step down and out of the pulpit because of drink; was reclaimed through the efforts of some good women, and for a few years did grand service in the cause of temperance; but fell again, and could no more be persuaded to try again to live a sober, orderly life, but died a poor, disgraced pauper.

Still more bad news; A little boy twelve years old, was taken to the station-house in a beastly state of intoxication, the result of some other boys buying whisky by the pint.

And, as a climax to the whole, an account of two policemen being found drunk while on duty by their superior officers.

After reading what I have briefly related, I made up my mind that a single daily newspaper contains a sufficient amount of the "awful" as regards the liquor traffic, to give a speaker the matter for a lecture every night in a week, or to write an article for every week in a month.

The deaths, accidents, misery, contentions and poverty caused by drink traffic exceed those resulting from all other causes combined.

How long is it going to last? That's the question that ought to be settled soon, in order to save eighteen-year-old girls from being sent into captivity by their mothers; to save other preachers from becoming wrecks in spite of the fact that they ought to know better; to save little boys from "rushing the

growler" before they have entered their teens; and protect inoffensive citizens from the effects of clubs in the hands of drunken policemen.

Men have spent their lives and their means in trying to change the habits and ways of others. But still the curse of appetite holds sway among the people. The fathers and mothers drink every day, and their children (after their death) keep up the old family habit. "Why do you swear?" was the question asked a boy; and the reported reply was, "To keep my father's peculiar trait before the people." A generation of drunkards beget another like unto them, only worse.

I once met a half-drunken, boisterous young man crossing a bridge at Flushing, L. I. As he passed me he said, "say, boss, the old man and his boys are all on a glorious old spree." He looked as if he had been struck by a hurricane. A few minutes after the "old man" came along, and with a laugh peculiar to the drunkard, asked me if I had seen his darling son. As to his looks, he appeared as if he had been suddenly overtaken by a cyclone that had made sad havoc with his clothes and whiskers. And the people laughed, as if it was very funny; but those of a thoughtful disposition must have felt that it was a shame that father and sons could have fallen so low.

In some families the liquor curse has lasted long enough to put into early graves the bulk of their members. In others it has taken off the pride of a mother's heart and the joy of the father's; in others it has brought tears of anguish on account of disgrace that has been the result of debauch after debauch.

How long will the church look on calmly and sing the sweet songs of Zion while the songs of revelry in the camps of the drunkards are being heard all over the land?

This is a practical world, and the only way to prohibit the liquor traffic is to prohibit it.

If the good citizens of this country will only practice about half what they preach, there will soon be an end to the terrible recitals in the daily press of the fearful effects of putting that in the mouth which steals away brains, morals, and all that is desirable from the people of this fair land.—George R. Scott in Weekly Witness.

A HAPPY HOME.

Some of the happiest homes I have ever been in, ideal homes, where intelligence, peace and harmony dwell, have been homes of poor people. No rich carpets covered the floors, there were no costly paintings on the walls, no piano, no library, no works of art. But there were contented minds, devoted and unselfish lives, each contributing as much as possible to the happiness of all, and endeavoring to compensate by intelligence and kindness for the poverty of their surroundings. "One cheerful, bright, and contented spirit in a household will uplift the tone of all the rest. The keynote of the home is in the hand of the resolutely cheerful member of the family, and he or she will set the pitch for the rest."

If a wife cannot make her home bright and happy, so that it shall be the cleanest, sweetest, cheerfulest place her husband can find refuge in—a retreat from the toils and troubles of the outer world, then God help the poor man, for he is virtually homeless. "Homekeeping hearts," said Longfellow, "are happiest." What is a good wife, a good mother? Is she not a gift of heaven, sacred and delicate with affections so great that no measuring line short of that of the infinite God can tell their bound; fashioned to refine and soothe and lift and irradiate home and society and the world; of such value that no one can appreciate it, unless his mother lived long enough to let him understand it, or unless, in some great crisis of life, when all else failed him, he had a wife to reinforce him with a faith in God that nothing could disturb?"—From "Cheerfulness as a Life Power."

WOMEN AND WORRY.

"How bright and charming she is," a visitor remarked of a neighbor who had "run in" for a chat with her hostess. "She is as refreshing as a west wind."

"She's always that way," the hostess returned. "You wouldn't imagine, would you, that she had a sister who is a hopeless invalid, and that now her father has got to go to the hospital for a very serious operation? I don't know how they'll get along if anything should happen to him. I should be wild with anxiety; but you saw how she took it. Ellen never was a worrier."

"I should think she'd be a joy in a sick-room," the friend said.

"I suppose she is—I know she does everything for poor Susie—only—well, of course it does no good to worry, but you feel as if one who doesn't must be lacking in sympathy. I suppose it's a foolish idea, but you can't help feeling so."

The attitude is a common one; every woman will recognize it. We all agree without hesitation to those perennial and most excellent treatises which declare that worry is a stealthy foe of all health, mental, moral, and physical, a barrier to all success, whether material or spiritual, a chain, a clog, a poison.

Worry, we know, is all this and more. Nobody has ever discovered any good in it, yet few of us are brave enough to resist it, because—it seems heartless not to worry! In some curious fashion worry and love are so inextricably entwined in the feminine consciousness that the average woman feels it impossible to uproot the one without injuring the other.—Youth's Companion.

The Quiet Hour.

DOES GOD CARE?

He is a Christian man, but very much discouraged. His once clear faith has become obscured. God seems far away, separated by an impassable gulf. He cries, "O, that I knew where I could find him!" He seeks, but neither on his right hand nor his left does he find him. The class to which he belongs is a large one, with great variety of experience, but all with this in common; they fail to find answers to their prayers or to secure the peace that comes from knowing God and having fellowship with him. One near by has failed in business. He is an honest man, faithful and true to his purpose to do right, but the struggle has been given up. He sees ungodly men about him who prosper greatly, and yet do not have God in their thoughts. "Why is this? Why am I left to suffer?"

In the bitterness of his spirit he cries, "How doth God know? These are the ungodly that prosper."

Another discouraged one has been living under a cloud of sorrow. Sickness has come into the home. Day by day the disease makes progress, and the great darkness gathers in solid banks. Day by day, hour by hour the mother pleads. She recalls the wonderful works of Jesus and pleads for the touch of the healing hand, "Come down," she cries, "ere my child die," but no answer comes and the mourners go about the streets. Does not God care? Are we beyond his interposition?

Here is a young man full of health and strength, with a high resolve, a strong will and a definite purpose. Life has been broadening out to him, and his friends have great expectations. But he is stricken by the fast running trolley and all his life is blighted. The years give no promise of relief from suffering or of strength for active work. Then some one suggests to his active mind, Why pray to God? He is in the heavens; He cannot look into the details of each life. And, withal, we live under law, and law is immutable. What you suffer you see in many lives about you." And his mind sinks into the cold depths of unbelief in the good providence of God. "Prayer is useless; I receive nothing from God except what is common to all."

What shall we say to such?

Sometimes argument fails and we can only wait and pray until the morning light appears. For even to these light may come. They are not willing to give up prayer, for prayer is instinctive. It belongs to our nature to pray. We recoil from the thought that there is no God, or that he is beyond us. Cold and unbelieving as we may become, there are times when instinctively we cry, "Lord, hear and save me." Peter did not stand on argument when he saw the boisterous waves. "Lord, save me; I perish," was the instinctive cry of his soul. We know that individually we are of small importance in this great universe; but all the same we know that there is a personal relation to God, and that to his infinite mind there is nothing too small. The words of Jesus come to us, and we cannot turn them away. "The sparrow cannot fall to the ground without our heavenly Father;" The very hairs of your head are numbered." We know there is law, but God is supreme and in his wisdom makes the law "to work together for good to them that love him."

It is well for us to come back to our relation to God. We are his creatures and he has a desire to the work of his hands and seeks to do the best possible for us. His thoughts are higher than ours; his view is not limited by our horizon. His ultimate purpose is not reached in our paths. We are more than his creatures; we are the special objects of his love and care. "He careth for us," is the sum of all His providence. "I will not leave you" is his assurance to us. The Scriptures teach us that God does regard the prayer of the humble, and experience confirms the holy word.

God's domain is in the spiritual world; we see chiefly the material. We measure his goodness by physical conditions. At a later time we may see that the pain, the disappointment and the sorrow were for good. We have seen saints, very saints, but we find them less in the world of prosperity, of strength and of high hope; in the world of grace, of tenderness, of love and patience we find them. At first we see only the suffering, but afterwards we see life with God. Why our disappointments and sorrows come to us we do not know, but " the works of God are made manifest." His sympathy with suffering was beyond measure. "Believe and thou shalt see the glory of God."—The United Presbyterian.

A FAITH THAT HELPED OTHERS.

"I was tired and discouraged, and ran away for a little vacation," said a gentleman, not long since. "I was feeling ill and blue, and some recent disappointments had disturbed my trust in God."

"I went to a health resort, which I reached on Saturday night. The next morning I attended church. There I met a schoolmate of many years before, and called on her the next day. She had married since I knew her,and had had a happy home, but she is a widow now. Her children died, and her husband suffered a distressing accident, which later unsettled his mind. She took him to an asylum, and already a widow in effect, she faced the world alone. She found means of earning a meager livelihood in the fashionable summer resort, and there she had lived and struggled on with her burden.

"For a long time it seemed more than she could bear. Her heart was hot and bitter. The humiliation of her present life in its pathetic contrast with her past and with her hopes for the future seemed to make trust in God impossible.

"But after a long time there came to her some suggestion of a deeper meaning in her misfortunes. Her life, narrowed and humbled as it was, was not without its possibilities for usefulness. When at last the death of her husband brought her face to face with the inevitable, she conquered her doubts and rebellious impulses, and there ensued a tranquillity of spirit which has ever since blessed her own life and the lives of others.

"When I heard her story, and saw what her faith had done for her, I thought again of my own disappointments. They seemed smaller. I remembered my home, my wife and my children; and my blessings seemed large, and when I called to mind that my faith had come near to failing under the pressure of my almost trivial losses, I reproached myself and looked up to God anew, and faced the future again.

"Yes, the two weeks' rest did me good, and so I doubt not did the waters, and all that, but when I came back and took up my work again, I did it with a courage that was not wholly due to the change and the recreation. I had found my faith again, and it had a firmer footing than ever before. The story of my friend had proved a blessing not to herself only, but also to me."

The woman, struggling on under her own burden and keeping a brave heart, never knew how her faith was helping to uphold the faith of others. There is always this double reason for fidelity: its own sake and the sake of the good which it brings to others. —Youth's Companion.

Who was it said that the road between this and the other world was strictly for passenger traffic? No amount of freight charges will avail to smuggle across the border one ounce, no matter how great your "pull" or your possessions. Thought, will, emotion, charity—these alone shall constitute your baggage in that journey.

Young People.

THE OLD MUSICIAN.

Charles Francis Gounod, whose loss the musical world so deeply mourns, possessed a kind heart as well as the genius of a great composer. The following story told of him has the merit of being strictly true in every detail:

On Christmas evening, 1837, an old man with a stout stick walked slowly through the most fashionable quarter of Paris. His right arm pressed to his side an oblong object wrapped in a chequered cotton handerchief. He was thinly clad, shivering and emaciated. He was buffeted about by the skurrying crowds, apparently at a loss which way to turn. He untied the chequered handkerchief and disclosed a violin and bow. He raised the instrument and started to play a sentimental strain, but the result was only harsh and inharmonious sounds. The street gamins chaffed him. With a sob he sank down upon the steps, resting the instrument upon his knees. "My God!" he cried, "I can no longer play!"

Three young men came down the street singing a tune then popular among the students of the Conservatoire de Musique. One of them accidentally knocked off his hat, and a second stumbled against his leg. The bare-headed old violinist rose proudly to his feet.

"Pardon, monsieur," said the third man. "I hope we did not hurt you." The speaker picked up the old man's hat.

"No," was the bitter answer.

The young man saw the violin.

"You are a musician?"

"I was one." Two great tears trickled down the old man's cheeks.

"What is the matter? Are you ill?"

The old man faltered for a moment, then held out his hat to them.

"Give me a trifle for the love of God. I can no longer earn anything by my art. My fingers are stiff, and my daughter is dying of consumption and want."

Down in his pocket went each one of the trio. They were but poor students, and the result was only sixteen sous. This was the combined capital of the two. The third had only a cake of resin.

"This won't do," declared the one who had apologized for the accident. "We want more than that to relieve our fellow artist. A pull together will do it. You, Adolphe, take the violin and accompany Gustave, while I go around with the hat."

A ringing laugh was the answer.

They pulled their hats over their faces and turned up their coat-collars to avoid recognition. Adolphe took the violin from the man's trembling hands. Gustave straightened out his shoulders. In another moment the first notes of the "Carnival de Venice" were floating out upon the night air. Such masterful music did not customarily come from the instruments of street players. Windows of the palatial houses flew up, and heads were thrust out of the openings. Strollers coming down the street stopped, and those who had gone on retraced their steps. Soon a good-sized crowd had gathered. Gustave sang the favorite cavatina from "La Dame Blanche" in a manner that held the audience spell-bound. It rained money when the song was finished.

"One more tune," whispered the treasurer of the enterprise. "Bring out those bass notes of your's, Adolphe. I'll help you out, with the baritone part, Gustave, my brave tenor. We'll finish up with the trio from 'Guillaume Tell.' And mind, now, we're singing for the honor of the conservatoire, as well as for the sake of a brother artist."

The young men played and sang as probably they never played and sang in their after life. The most critical of the audience were enthralled.

Life came back to the old man. He grasped his stick(and adapting it as a baton, used it with the air of one having authority. He stood transfixed when they had done; his face lightened up, his eyes glistened.

The proceeds of the entertainment netted five hundred francs. Many of the wealthy listeners had thrown gold pieces into the old battered hat.

Then they gave him back his hat, and its contents, and wrapped up the instrument in the old chequered handkerchief.

"Your names, your names," the old man gasped. "Give me your names that I may bless them on my death-bed."

"My name is Faith," said the first.

"And mine Hope," said the second.

"And mine Charity," said the treasurer of the enterprise.

"You do not even know mine," continued the old man, regaining his voice,. "Ah, I might have been an imposter, but I am not. My name is Chapuce. For ten years I directed the orchestra of the opera at Strasburg. It was I who led in 'Guillaume Tell.' Since I left my native Alsace misfortune has followed me. With this money my daughter and I can go to the country, and there she will regain her health, and I shall find a place to teach when she can no longer perform. You—all of you—will be truly great."

"Amen!" was the hearty response of the students, as they shook the good man's hand.

Despite their attempt at disguising, the young men had been recognized by one who afterward told the tale.

They were known to fame in later years as Gustave Roger, the great tenor; Adolphe Herman, the great violinist, and Charles Gounod, the great composer.

So the old man's prophecy was fulfilled.

YOUNG LINCOLN'S LIBRARY.

When Abraham Lincoln was a small boy, he had very few books. There was no need for him to consult a list of "the hundred best books." His earliest possessions consisted of less than half a dozen volumes—a pioneer's library.

First, of course, was the Bible, a whole library in itself, if properly understood, and containing every sort of literature—stories, poems, dramas, addresses, orations, histories, some simple enough for the youngest child, others taxing the wisdom of the learned. second, was "Pilgrim's Progress," with its quaint characters—the gods of mythology, the different English. "Aesop's Fables" was a third, and introduced the log-cabin boy to a wonderful range of characters—the gods of mythology, the different ranks and classes of mankind, and every animal under the sun. Fourth, was a "History of the United States," in which there was the charm of truth and a modern tone, and from which were learned the les-

sons of patriotism which Lincoln's manhood put into action. Last came Weem's "Life of Washington," a queer, stilted book, but one full of details which made Washington seem a living example.

These five books were the beginning of Lincoln's education; and what wise man has outgrown them all?

From the Bible, "Pilgrim's Progress," and Aesop, the boy Lincoln learned the power and beauty of plain English words, and saw that the grandest thoughts and most poetic imaginings needed only the strong little words of every day. When, therefore, in later life he wished to be sure he understood any matter, it became his custom to translate it into words such as a child can understand.—Sel.

CURRENT EVENT AND COMMENT.

In the one city of Philadelphia in a single week more than a half million men, women and children sought relief from the sweltering heat in the free city bath-houses. What a piece of humanitarianism is that one institution. And could there not be a great extension of free ice delivery to the poor at the city's expense—thus saving life and dispensing untold comfort?

There is one unescapable conviction borne in on our minds wherever we go today, and that is, that the mightiest forces of the universe are working for the highest good of men. At times, through the chinks of our material environment, we catch glimpses of a spiritual process that is ever going on, evolving the beatific from the base, transforming chaos into cosmos, and bringing men even through pain into power. —Selected.

The artist loses his sense of color values in two ways. One is by too constant and intense application to his work; the other is by too long delay in the execution of that which inspired his soul. He is "off color," which really means that he needs the quickening, toning impulse of a fresh vision. That is what the soul needs when its energies flag in Christian enterprise—a re-toning by a fresh interview with the living Christ.—Selected.

A party was climbing up a mountain side, and a terrific storm came on. "We must give this up," said the men to their guide; "take us back." The guide smiled and only said, "I think we'll get above the storm soon." Sure enough, it was not long before they rose into a region where it was all quiet sunshine, though the storm still raged in the valley below. That is the work a Christian should do—cheer men on so that they will rise above the storms.

In the next ten years Japan will get over three-fourths of her cotton from the United States. Last year Japan used over 1,000,000 bales of cotton, and only one-fourth of that was from the United States. The rest came from the cotton fields of India and Asia. This cotton is very inferior to that which comes to Japan from the Southern States, and all the fine work is made with cotton from the United States. The other is found to be much coarser and rots easier. The Japanese realize the superiority of the American article, and all first-class cotton weavers are coming to use it. The export of cotton from the United States to Japan is bound to increase enormously in the next few years.—Yoshuchi Sakuri, Japanese cotton merchant.

A hunter in the Alleghenies one day shot a large bald eagle. The bird measured seven feet from tip to tip. When the sportman went to examine his prize he was astonished to find one of the eagle's claws held in a powerful steel trap, to which was attached a chain five feet long. The trap and chain had many marks of vicious blows from the eagle's beak, showing how he had vainly endeavored to free himself. While they had not been heavy enough to prevent his flying, the hunter believed they so impeded and wearied him as to bring the great bird within range of his rifle. Many a man with brain, imagination and heart capable of high flights, has been brought within range of the enemy by some secret passion that held him from his place among the stars.

Promiscuous announcing of our own hardships never does any good, and usually works a twofuld harm. "I've had a terrible summer of it," exclaimed a woman in a loud tone to her companion in a trolley car. By that unncessary utterance she increased her own burden and passed on some of it to her listeners. Her surest way to have lightened her burden and to have made her summer a little less "terrible" would have been for her to forget herself for a few minutes by interesting herself in her companion, and, by a word if by nothing else, striving to brighten that one's life. The chronic grumbler is hard on others, but still harder on himself. The one who resolutely refuses to talk of his own troubles is on the high road to their entire overcoming.—Sunday School Times.

Eternal vigilance is the price of a good city council as well as of other things more frequently mentioned. It was not very long ago that we were boasting of what independence of evil influence the Chicago council showed when against the protest of the liquor interests it raised the saloon licenses. All the better elements of citizenship felt so pleased over that action that they decided to reward the council by letting it alone for a while. But the worse elements immediately got busy again, and the virtuous council has slid back from its recent grace and passed ordinances allowing all-night sales at dance halls and providing for unlimited transfer of liquor licenses—two measures about as vicious as could have been cooked up. The moral of this experience is that if you get your council converted, you had better pay assiduous attention to its permanent moral culture.—The Interior.

Robust men who have always believed that they possessed an unlimited store of physical health and strength to bank upon, even until past three-score and ten, may well ponder such a presentation as this which we clip from an authoritative medical source—a warning that is all to apt to be foolishly disregarded with tragical results. The writer says: "Up to thirty, save in the unfortunate men who have weak hearts or have been fools enough to go in for sprinting, jumping, and other track athletics, causing a specific heart strain, a man can do what he likes with his

heart and arteries. From thirty to fifty he can use them temperately at almost any game without overstrain. By forty-five or fifty, if a man really wishes to have a good heart and be able to be active in his sixties, he will get the advice of a physician as to the condition of his arteries and his heart and govern himself accordingly. If they are hardening he will keep at steady exercise, but he will stop running upstairs, sprinting for trains, or playing any game which quickens his pulse over fifteen or twenty beats."

If anybody tries to make you believe "high license" is a "temperance" measure, a good thing for the people and a bad thing for the saloon, read to him the following editorial comment just published in the leading liquor traffic champion of Ohio, the Wine and Spirit News, of Columbus:

"While we do not now and never did approve of such a thing as the $1,000 saloon tax, believing it to be outrageous, if not a highway robbery, nevertheless it is a law and will probably remain one. At the same time there never was a law enacted that did not have good features attached to it, so it is possible that it may have some. For instance, it cannot be denied that an immense revenue will accrue to the state, making the liquor business of Ohio indispensable to the state. It will be more difficult to assail the traffic from a legislative standpoint in the future. This is and was the argument employed by Dr. Norcross, a leading divine in this state, who made a bitter attack on the Aikin bill in the Western Christian Advocate. Legislatures of the future will not be so hasty in listening to every crank and every crank organization that comes along with a plaint about the liquor traffic. The state will have learned to lean on this revenue and will not be in a position to despoil itself merely to please the whimsical notions of theorists and wild-eyed cranks. In this respect at least the $1,000 tax will be a benefit."

Never before in the history of the United States has there been such a demand for diamonds as there was in 1905, says the Scientific American. Large quantities were imported, but the country produced none. In 1903 it produced diamonds to the value of $50, in 1901 it had an output worth $100, in 1900 its production was valued at $150, and in 1899 the country boasted native diamonds to the value of $300. Diamonds have been discovered in the United States in four different regions, but their actual place of origin is in every case unknown. All have been found in loose and superficial deposits, and all accidentally. It is not at all improbable, however, that some day the original sources of this queen of gems may be discovered. The high price of diamonds has made the recent search for these precious stones in the United States and Canada keener than ever before. A careful watch for diamonds was kept during the examination by the United States Geological Survey of many samples of gold and platinum sands at the Lewis and Clark Exposition in Portland, Ore. A lookout for diamonds has also been kept by a number of people who have been dredging for gold on an extensive scale in the rivers of California. In neither case have any finds been reported.

President Hadley of Yale said in a recent address: "We say that America is a Christian nation; and I verily believe that there is more of the spirit of Jesus of Nazareth in the daily life and work of the American people than there is in any other of the great nations of the world. I believe that whenever it comes to a great crisis—political, industrial, or moral—there is enough of the spirit of Christ in America to save us. But though we have good ground for hope, we are very far short of having ground for complacent assurance. We have only to look at the facts in the world about us to see how far the American people are from really believing in Jesus as the man they wish to be like and in the things for which Jesus stands as their ideals of success. That part of our people which turns with avidity to sensational accounts of robbery and arson and murder is not far removed from the multitude that cried, Not this man, but Barabbas! That part which looks to platform or press for appeals to its passions, and which seeks a leader who can give voice to the promptings of its own prejudices or emotions, has advanced little beyond the stage of those who clamored for the crucifixion. And that part of our people which, though more respectable than the first group and more enlightened than the second, is, nevertheless, content to make prosperity in business or politics the test of success, and to give all its thoughts to the attainment of that prosperity by any means not too grossly inconsistent with respectability or enlightenment, does not differ greatly from him who washed his hands of the whole matter that was the most momentous in the world's history."

On a recent joyrney to Porto Rico, while facing a terrific storm, I entered into conversation with a man who knew the seas and who was master of the ship. I said to him, "Do you not fear the storm?" "Not in the least," he said, "for by good seamanship we are able to weather almost every storm that has ever swept across the mighty deep." Then I said, "Do you fear the fog?" and he said, "Not to any extent, because different vessels have a definite track along which ordinarily they sail, and we know just about when and where to expect other vessels on the highway of the seas." "What then," I said, to him, "do you fear the most?" and he said, "We are the most afraid of derelicts, for a derelict is a dismantled, unmanned ship. It is a ship sailing to no harbor, a ship without compass, without a crew, and without a captain."

As he spoke, it occurred to me that there were a vast number of derelicts today all about us in life—men who have no captain on their vessel, who have set out for no harbor, but drift idly with the tide, a menace to all others who would lead the best of lives, of no use to themselves and incapable of serving others. Some of these derelicts were once in the church, but, unfaithful to their duties, they slipped away; some of them, never having known Christ, have become genuinely indifferent to the claims of God. It is a thought of great cheer, however, that there is one who waits to board every drifting vessel to make useful that which has been useless, to strengthen that which has been weak, and that one is Jesus Christ, the Captain of our salvation.—Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman, D.D.

In answer to the hue and cry raised by the liquor men to the effect that the recent rigid enforcement of the prohibition law in Kansas City, Kansas, was ruining that city, attorney C. W. Trickett, one of the

leaders in the law-enforcement movement, says that the very reverse is the fact. He says the city has now not a single saloon, gambling-house, or disorderly resort. There are practically no empty dwellings in the city, and the only vacant business places are those formerly used by the "joints", indeed, many of these have already been rented. Three hundred new buildings were erected in the first six months of the year, and new buildings are being started as rapidly as ever. New residents are arriving and real estate prices are increasing. Mr. Trickett adds that he has found only two men who claim their business has been hurt, one an ice man, and the other a cigar man who sold almost exclusively to the dive-keepers, and who had signed bonds for a number of them which he will have to pay.

As for the city's financial position, he says the revenue from police-court fines, including all the "periodical" fines, was less than $50,000 last year, or only a fifth of the city's ordinary receipts, while a new assessment on an improved basis will increase the revenue next year sufficiently to answer all the city's needs.

These facts deal only with the strictly material side of the question, and do not take account of the wider benefits Kansas City has received from the suppression of vice and from the introduction of a new spirit of respect for the law. It is well that the truth has been made public to counteract the effect of former misstatements.—Exchange.

FARMING IS CHANGING.

It is Coming More and More to be an Efficient, Profitable and Attractive Business.

The character of farming is changing rapidly. It is coming more and more to be an efficient, profitable, and attractive business. With here and there an exception, in the past we have not given much consecutive thought to the business—nothing like as much as the merchant gives to his business or the doctor to his. It has been so "easy" a business that untrained men could succeed in it. The change in economic and social conditions is breaking up the tradition. Farming is becming more difficult, and the old methods must go. In the future only the well-informed and efficient-thinking man can succeed; that is, only the educated man.

The country is to offer other advantages to the educated man than merely to be a good farmer. There are good opportunities for leadership on public questions—probably better opportunity and with less competition than in the great cities. The very fact that city representation is increasing in the legislatures should make the able country representative more of a marked man. The growth of the institute movement, of the grange and other organizations, gives fresh opportunity to develop leadership of a high order.

It seems to me that, by the very nature of the progress we are making, the college man must go to the farm. In fact, college men have been going back from the beginning of the agricultural education movement. Statistics show that a very large percentage actually have returned to farming, and this in spite of the fact that cities have been growing with marvelous rapidity, and that the whole system of agricultural colleges and experiment stations has been developing and calling for men. Considering the limitations under which the agricultural colleges have developed, without sympathy, with the idifference and sometimes the opposition of educators—the very men who should have known better—with wholly inadequate funds, it is little less than marvelous what they have accomplished within a generation. It is probable that the proportion of students of the leading agricultural colleges who now engage in agricultural pursuits is greater than students of that of colleges of law or of other professional colleges who follow their chosen profession. No one now questions the value of education to a lawyer or physician; why question its value to a farmer? The educated man will go back to the farm if he is fitted to be a farmer.—September Century.

SEEING THE INVISIBLE.

A cheerful and earnest Christian lady lifted a sad and very troubled face from the perusal of the morning paper, a few days ago. She said: "O dear, I try hard not to believe that the world is growing worse notwithstanding all the good work being done; but when I read the chronicle of events in the daily papers I am almost swept off my feet, and am ready to believe the most pessimistic doctrine." Let all such remember the following facts: The daily newspapers do not give a true mirror of human life. They give us the external, in other words, they present for our consideration the chronicles of the hosts of vice, greed, disease and crime. He who reads nothing but the daily newspaper gets but one side of life, and that the dark side. How much good there is in the world that never is known to the public. Silent prayers have gone up to God for the outpouring of his Spirit, and those prayers were answered, and the world was made better. Every day there are kind words spoken which are known only to a few. There are sacrifices made, heroic efforts put forth to do the right, temptations resisted in the silence of one's own soul, and all the time the world takes no notice of those things. We need very much to have given us the eyesight Elisha's prayer brought to the young man at Dothan: "And he saw, and behold the mountains were full of horses and chariots of fire."

MAGAZINE NOTICES.

"The Century" for September, 1906.

The September **Century** covers a wide range of interests: exciting travel in Central Asia, the artistic side of the Palisades, mission work in Labrador, present day Zoroastrianism, the beginning of foreign missions in this contury, late scientific research into the structural differences of the white and black races, the question of higher education for young men intending to follow agriculture, and stories grave and gay.

"St. Nicholas" for September, 1906.

As is fitting in the last number of **St. Nicholas** to reach the young folks before school takes up again, the outdoor interest is strong, with a stirring story of school life and golf, "Which Won?" by Anna P. Paret, the leading feature. The story of "The Great 'Y' and the Crockery 'O'," by Charles D. Stewart, author of "The Fugitive Blacksmith," is based on some interesting and unfamiliar facts; "Winnie's Ninth Birthday Anniversary" and "Elsie's First Aid to the Injured' are pretty stories; and the serials develop growing interest.

Here s a Bombay student's essay upon the horse: "The horse is a very noble quadruped, but when he is angry he will not do so. He is ridden on the spinal-cord by the bridle, and sadly the driver places his foots on the stirrup, and divides his lower limbs across the saddle, and drives his animal to the meadow. He has a long mouth, and his head is attached to the trunk by a long protuberance called the neck. He has four legs; two are in the front side and two are afterwards. These are the weapons on which he runs, and also defends himself by extending those in the rear in a parallel direction toward his foe, but this he does only when in a vexatious mood. His fooding is generally grasses and grains. He is also useful to take on his back a man or woman as well as some cargo He has power ot run as fast as he could. He has got no sleep at night time, and always standing awaken. Also there are horses of short sizes. They do the same as the others are generally doing. There is no animal like the horse; no sooner they see their guardian or master they always crying for fooding, but it is always at the morning. They have tail, but not so long as the cow and other such like similar animals."

One of the leaders of Mohammedanism, a very learned citizen of Cairo, has recently issued pamphlets on the subjects of the phonograph and life insurance and their relation to the sacred law of Islam. He declares that there is nothing in Islamic doctrine to forbid Moslems to listen to the phonograph, and that if the verses of the Koran are suitably intoned from the phonograph, the listner may be justly considered to be performing an act of worship. Fire and life insurance are, however, condemned as gambling, and hence contrary in spirit to the teachings of the Koran.

Two women in the crowded car in an animated discussion. Suddenly the train slowed down, and in the hush the voices became audible to everybody.

"Your parrot may be a better talker than mine, although I don't believe it," said one of the women, with an air of presenting the final argument, "but you'll have to admit that mine has the most beautiful foliage."

His Idea.—Little Tommy: "Papa, did you ever see a cyclone that blowed everything up in the air,—cows and horses and houses and things upside down?" Papa: "Well, no, Tommy, although I've heard of it often." Little Tommy: "Well, I think it'd be rather tiresome to live so long and never see anything."

The Policeman: "I was trying to arrest him, and he resisted."

The Cook (with downcast eyes): "Sure, now, how could anyone resist you?"

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